



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

FLORA MACDONALD.¹

There are few readers who are not familiar with the romantic story of Flora Macdonald's deliverance of the Young Pretender, when Jacobite hopes went down at Culloden. Curiously enough, however, her American career—although less brilliant and eventful than the old world episode which has gained her such lasting fame—has been comparatively neglected save, possibly, by a few careful historians of North Carolina. And yet her life not only forms a most interesting connecting link between both sides of the Atlantic, but also furnishes a striking example of that continuity of inherited instincts and ideas which has so largely molded the character of our nation. Much has been done of late years to illustrate this principle of survival as manifested in the habits of thought and action of the several colonies of America. To the vast debt we owe to Anglo-Saxon influences, have been justly added the contributions of the Dutch, the French, and the Spaniards of the Southwest. It is, therefore, rather surprising to find that the Celtic influence in our history—particularly that of the early Highland settlers—has been often ignored, notwithstanding the fact that in large portions of the Middle Western, and Southern States it has always been a factor no less strong than aggressive. Herein, then, lies for us the chief interest of Flora Macdonald's career and although, as in the dramatic adventures across the sea, she extended her

¹The writer of this sketch begs to make due acknowledgment to the following authorities that have been freely used: Brome's *Highlands*; Aikman's *Scotland*; Stewart's *Highlanders*; Wheeler's *North Carolina*; Chambers' *Miscellany*, Vol. II.; Jones's *North Carolina*; Williamson's *North Carolina*; *North Carolina Geological Survey*, 1856; Boswell's *Johnson*; *Pennsylvania Archives*, Vol. IV.; *American Archives*, Vol. V.; Sabine's *Loyalists*; and *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography*, which contains a portrait of Flora.

womanly sympathies to a losing, and what we Americans very naturally believe to have been a wrong cause, we shall find that it makes her none the less a heroine. To understand fully, however, the thread of events which unites her old and her new world experiences, the whole story must be briefly retold, which takes us back to some features of Gaelic history and institutions.

Flora was a Highland girl. The famous portion of Scotland in which she was born possesses a wild, rocky coast, skirted by numerous islands of varying sizes that sometimes rise from the water in lonely solitude, but are more often clustered in neighborly groups. The mainland, rough and rugged, is fluted with extensive valleys, separated from each other by lofty mountains. Here and there long arms of the sea, sweeping between the outlying islands, break through the coast and flood the marshy moors along the shore. Further on towards the interior, however, broom-covered fields give way to trackless moors of heather, while high among the clouds the splintered crags of the surrounding mountains lean against the skies. It was in this picturesque region that the persecuted Celts found a safe retreat when the torch and sword of the Baltic tribes were laying waste the Roman civilization of the Lowlands. As a result of the isolated character of their stronghold and the natural features of the land, a social system was developed among the refugees which gave to the life of the people a most lasting impress, and still lends to North British institutions a striking originality.

Of this system the leading characteristic was the division of the people into many clans or tribes, whose members were united together by a real or fancied bond of kinship. Springing into existence along the mountain slopes and outlying islands, these little communities were ruled by chieftains whose superior courage or wealth vested them in the course of time with almost despotic power. In its nature and exercise, however, this power appears to have been radically different from that of the baron of the South.

The villain and serf, for example, of England and the Continent — oftentimes far removed in every circumstance from his lord — never had that community of feeling which dominated every effort of the patriarchally constituted clan, and made the cause of one the cause of all. While, therefore, the vassal fought because of the promised protection of his feudal superior, the members of the clan rallied as brothers around the standard of their chieftain whom they loved and honored as a father. This *jus sanguinis* is largely the key to Celtic history.

At an early day, we find nearly all of Scotland and its adjacent islands peopled by the clans and their numerous branches. The territory of each faction was jealously guarded from every intrusion. Here, for example, was the Camerons' country and here the country of the Campbells; but if, perchance, the clan divided, to its generic name would not infrequently be appended that of its local habitation. It was this budding process that gave rise to factions like the Stuarts of Appin — of whom Mr. Stevenson has so much to say — and the Grants of Gordon. The relation of the clans toward each other appears to have been one of almost constant warfare. No sooner was an affront supposed to have been given a community than as if by magic

Every tuft of brown gave life
To plaided warriors armed for strife.

In spite, however, of much blackmail, treachery, and wantonness of every description there were characteristics which lifted these simple children of nature high in the scale of humanity. One such trait was the loyal devotion of the Highlander to his clan and chieftain. Even when fallen, the chief was still the headman in the eyes of his followers, and the sacrifices they were willing to make in his behalf could not be measured. This touching trait is exemplified in the rescue of Charles by Flora.

Among the islands off the western coast of Scotland is the group now known as the Hebrides, the largest of which

are Lewis, North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, and Skye. These islands—anciently designated by way of pre-eminence, “The Isles”—constituted the original home of the once powerful clan Macdonald, whose chieftains, “The Lairds of the Isles,” were at one time strong enough to form treaties with the kings of England and exact tribute from the clans of the adjacent islands and coasts. Reinforced by numerous accessions and with the aid of powerful allies, the Macdonalds appear to have finally gained a footing on the mainland, although tradition has it that the chief strength of the clan was concentrated on Islay, one of the smallest and most southerly of the Hebrides. At the battle of Harlow, near Aberdeen, however, fought in 1411, the power of the Isles received a blow from which it never recovered. On that day, so the story runs, Donald of the Isles, with the aid of the Camerons, the Macintoshes, and other clans met the forces of the Duke of Albany, composed of most of the tribes between the Tay and the Spray. All accounts go to show that the fight was a hard and a long one—so long indeed, declares one of the Highland historians, that “nothing but night could put an end to it; so uncertain that it was hard to tell who had lost or won the day.” Some years subsequent to this bloody event the power of the Isles was divided among a number of petty leaders who owed paramount allegiance to Scotland. It was this gradual disintegration, added to a system of colonization, which resulted in factions like the Macdonalds of Clanranald, the Macdonalds of Sleat, and the Macdonalds of Glenco—some having their homes on the Isles and others on the mainland; but each ruled by its distinct chief and all united into a kind of loose confederacy.

The biographers of Flora Macdonald place her birth in about the year 1720. She was descended from the Clanranald branch of the clan, her father being Macdonald of Milton, on South Uist. Although the owner of an estate, it appears that he could give his daughter a limited education only; but it is interesting to be told that her

instruction "included good, moral principles, and the feelings and manners of a lady." One account of her life claims that she was educated in Edinburgh, which is somewhat doubtful. Before Flora reached womanhood, her father dying, his entire estate passed to his only son, who succeeded him as Macdonald of Milton. The widowed mother, still young and handsome, was sought in marriage by Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, who, when his suit proved a failure through peaceful means, was moved to adopt the more violent method of abducting and forcibly marrying the object of his adoration. Fortunately, the stormy beginning of this union had a most placid conclusion; for Flora and her mother appear to have found life at Armadale quiet but happy. Only one visit of the girl to the mainland is recorded and that was a protracted one to the family of Macdonald, of Argyleshire, which took place shortly before the famous rebellion of 1745.

It will be remembered that in this year Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, encouraged by English Jacobites and Scotch malcontents, landed in Scotland and proclaimed his father as James VIII., of Scotland, and James III., of England. Reaching Edinburgh with an army numbering several thousand men, Charles won the battle of Preston Pans and pushed forward into England. As in 1715, a great hope seems to have lit up all Scotland, while the Highlanders, fired with the wild enthusiasm of their ancient clan spirit, swooped down like eagles from their mountain homes to join the standard of the banished Stuarts. Meanwhile, several successive victories on the part of the Pretender caused some consternation among the English, until the Duke of Cumberland, leader of the royal forces, utterly defeated the rebels at the battle of Culloden, in 1746. A general execution of the Jacobite leaders now followed, while Charles fled in terror from the scene of his ruin. The English government, however, resolving to capture, if possible, the prime cause of the trouble, set a

price of thirty thousand pounds on his head, hoping that for so many pieces of money the Highlanders, conquered and impoverished, would gladly sell their sorely distressed laird. But subsequent events proved that the loyal hearts of this simple folk could not be bought with British gold. The Pretender's situation was nevertheless a perilous one. Disappointed in his attempts to reach a vessel bound for France, and with a reward for his capture large enough to buy a castle, he fled like a hunted stag across the moors and mountains. He finally succeeded in taking a boat which landed him on the island of South Uist, where he secured the protection of the Clanranald chieftain. Meanwhile, the English had discovered his hiding place, and three thousand men and a small sized navy were sent in hot pursuit. As the cordon of vessels began to encircle the island, the royal dragoons scoured the valleys and hills, beating every bush as they went. Charles had until now remained concealed in a lonely hut with O'Neill, his only follower; but as his danger hourly increased, he left his place of refuge to flee from one island to another.

When the Pretender reached South Uist, it seems that Flora had left Argyleshire for a brief visit to her brother. We are told, moreover, that while most of the Clanranald Macdonalds had cast in their lot with the rebellion, Sir Alexander, the head of one faction, unlike Lochiel, had heeded the Wizard's warning and remained away from Culloden. It also seems that Flora's stepfather as well as her brother, whatever their inner convictions may have been, being allied to Sir Alexander, had likewise remained loyal. "She and her friends," declares one of Flora's biographers, "all wished well to the Stuart cause." Notwithstanding this fact, at the time Flora was visiting her brother, her stepfather, Armadale, is said to have been at the head of a body of Skye militia searching for the fugitive.

It now occurred to O'Neill, who appears to have had a slight acquaintance with Flora, to propose the plan of en-

listing her sympathy and aid in behalf of the unhappy Charles, who wished to escape to Skye and thence to France. For that purpose he sought and was granted an interview with the girl in a cottage upon her brother's land in Benbecula. The prince remained outside. After a few words O'Neill told her he had brought a friend to see her. Then, in the words of one of her biographers, "she asked with emotion if it was the prince, and O'Neill answered in the affirmative, and instantly brought him in. She was asked by Charles himself if she could undertake to convey him to Skye, and it was pointed out to her that she might do this the more easily, as her father would be able to give her a pass for her journey. The first idea of Flora was, not her own peril, but the danger into which she might bring Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald, by carrying the fugitive to their neighborhood. She therefore answered the prince with the greatest respect, but added that she could not think of being the ruin of her friend Sir Alexander." This objection having been overruled, O'Neill pointed out to her the honor and glory of saving him whom the majority of her countrymen either openly or secretly recognized as their lawful prince, and with true Irish gallantry offered to marry her to allay any maidenly anxiety she might entertain. This proposal, however, if really made, was rejected; but Flora finally consented to assist the Pretender. The world knows how well the plan was executed. Her stepfather readily gave her a passport to Skye, as well as one for a servant and another for an alleged Irishwoman seeking employment under the name of Betty Burke. It was in this latter disguise that Charles, in company with Flora and her servant, (Mackechan, afterwards father of Marshal Macdonald,) reached Skye, where the little party was entertained for a night by Macdonald of Kingsburgh. On the succeeding day, Flora accompanied the Pretender as far as Portree (on Skye), whence he took a boat for Raasay, and some time afterwards reached France in safety. "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we

shall meet in St. James yet!" Such are said to have been the last words of Charles to his fair rescuer, words which hardly comport with the beautiful and well-known lines of the Ettrick Shepherd upon the same occasion. Flora did not escape as easily as her adventurous prince, for no sooner did her assistance to the Pretender become known than she was taken a prisoner to London. Instead of languishing in prison, however, she was kept in a sort of mild restraint until the act of indemnity of the succeeding year. Meanwhile her exploits made her a heroine in London, and she was finally sent back in triumph to her Highland home. There in 1750—following the custom of her people—she married one of her own blood, Allen, the son of Macdonald of Kingsburgh. She thus eventually became mistress of the house that had sheltered Charles on the night he reached Skye.

It was while the Macdonalds were living on Skye that Dr. Johnson paid his famous visit to the Hebrides, and Boswell has something to say about our heroine :

We were resolved to pay a visit at Kingsburgh, and see the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who is married to the present Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh. . . . I was highly pleased to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander—exhibiting "the graceful mien and manly looks," which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black ribband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philabeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady, sensible countenance.

There was a comfortable parlor with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the isle of Sky, was a striking sight; for though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was improbable they should meet here.

Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the mainland, as she was returning home about a fortnight before, that Mr. Boswell was coming to Sky, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English buck, with him. He was highly entertained with this fancy. Giving an account of the after-

noon which we passed at Anoch, he said, "I, being a *buck*, had miss in to take tea." He was rather quiescent to-night, and went early to bed. . . . I slept in the same room with Dr. Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with tartan curtains, in an upper chamber. . . . The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James II. lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-6. . . .

Boswell refers to Kingsburgh's embarrassed affairs and says that Macdonald had already resolved to emigrate to America. In fact many of the Highlanders had left their native land as soon as they realized the failure of the Stuart cause. Many were doubtless transported. Some sought refuge in France where several representatives of the race, like Marshal Macdonald, rose to wealth and distinction; but the greater part of those who left Scotland settled in America. In Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas — especially in the last named colonies — there was a large influx of these Gaelic settlers.

In Wheeler's *Historical Sketches of North Carolina*, the authority most to be relied on for this portion of Flora Macdonald's career, it is said that Neal Macneal, a Highlander, bought in the year succeeding the battle of Culloden, a tract of land on the Cape Fear river. Macneal's purchase was near the town first named by the Scotch, Campbelltown, and afterwards Cross Creek, by reason of the extraordinary intersection of two streams of water in such a manner that their currents were easily distinguished the one from the other. After the Revolution, the patriotic Americans rechristened the place Fayetteville, which name it still bears. In 1749, upwards of five hundred Highlanders settled on Macneal's domain, and from time to time the colony was considerably augmented by restless spirits who could not brook the restraints that parliamentary legislation put upon the ancient clan. Gaelic is said at one time to have been spoken in as many as half a dozen counties of North Carolina. Flora and her husband, therefore, very naturally thought of this colony, whither so many of their countrymen had already emigrated, and two years after Dr.

Johnson visited the Kingsburgh mansion, we find them bidding farewell to Skye and setting their faces westward.

Wheeler says they reached Fayetteville in April, 1775. Singularly enough, the name of the county in which the Highlanders had first settled was Cumberland, so called in honor of the man who crushed their rebellion at Culloden. But whatever peaceful scenes the minds of Flora and her husband may have pictured for the future were doomed to vanish speedily, for in the very month of their settlement in the newly-bought home at Fayetteville, came the startling news from Lexington and Concord. Several weeks later, the Mecklenburg Resolutions virtually declared the independence of North Carolina. The situation of the luckless Highlanders was now indeed a trying one. In 1714, they had joined the standard of the Old Pretender and been defeated, and, in 1745, they had met a similar fate when they cast in their lot with that of the Young Pretender. Twice guilty of rising against the crown, they durst not raise their hands for a third time against royalty, however much the long suffering English and other colonists might feel themselves justified in resisting its encroachments. In spite, moreover, of the strong feeling for the patriotic cause which existed among the coast people of North Carolina, there was much lukewarmness and even opposition to it among the settlers of the interior. This difference of opinion among the colonists was largely the outgrowth of the diversified character of the population.

In fact, the early history of this province is unique. One serious drawback to its development was its lack of harbors that could be safely approached, and as a consequence there were no large towns. Even to-day, according to the last census, there is no place in the State with a population of twenty-five thousand, although the construction of railroads is fast counteracting the natural drawbacks under which the commonwealth has always labored. A glance at the map will show that almost the entire coast is bordered by low, narrow sand beaches and islands. Beyond these banks are

extensive shoals which, with the furious gales constantly prevailing, result in making one of the most dangerous coasts along the Atlantic. The seaboard with its extensive shallow sounds like Albemarle, Pamlico, and Currituck, is bordered with vast swamps covering thousands of acres. This low country is followed by the high table-land of the interior, which is a fertile region stretching as far westward as the outlying spurs of the Blue Ridge. Here begins the mountainous zone of the State, some of the peaks of which are the loftiest east of the Rockies. It is almost needless to point out how this brief description tallies with that already given of the home of the Scotch immigrants.

As if her natural disadvantages were not sufficient, there was scarcely a province that was so cursed with bad governors. One is said to have been deposed for extortion, another was imprisoned for malfeasance in office, while a third was charged with being in league with the pirates. In 1729, the royal government displaced the rule of the Proprietors, and North and South Carolina were made distinct provinces. The population of North Carolina appears to have been at the time of separation some thirteen thousand, most of whom lived along the coast. Ten years afterwards, however, a steady stream of immigration set in upon the high country of the interior, coming in part from Virginia and Pennsylvania, in part from Great Britain and the Continent. So rapidly did the population increase that at the outbreak of the Revolution it numbered upwards of three hundred thousand, while a continuous chain of settlements stretched from the sea to the mountains.

One result of the incongruous elements of her population was to cause the coming conflict to be waged in North Carolina along lines greatly different from those pursued in the remaining colonies. There was a strong feeling in behalf of the patriotic cause along the coast, but there was much lukewarmness and opposition among the settlers of the interior. Some of this so-called Toryism might be traced to the defeat by Governor Tryon, a few years earlier, of the

Regulators of Alamance. Add to these discordant factions the presence of a large Highland contingent, still smarting from two defeats, and we have the promise of a civil war. Years before, moreover, John Cozens had prophesied that

When a bunch of the thistle gets over the Atlantic,
And in a new world the root shall be planted,
And when it doth arise to a degree of perfection
It surely will breed a great insurrection.

At the first sign of resistance among the colonists, Martin, the royal Governor, in an interview with Allen Macdonald, the husband of Flora, planned an uprising on the part of the Highlanders. As early as February 1, 1776, the royal standard was therefore raised at Cross Creek, the capital of the Highlanders, and most of the Macdonalds began to appeal to the clan spirit of their countrymen. Not only was Donald Macdonald, a prominent member of the clan, made a brigadier general in the army of the King, but Allen Macdonald, Flora's husband, and two of his sons were commissioned officers in the same. True to the instincts of their race and mindful of the dire consequences that had already attended their former risings against the crown, the Highlanders promptly responded to the call to arms, and a regiment was soon raised. Meanwhile, however, the patriotic Americans had not been idle, and — especially in the low country of the east — men were everywhere preparing to stand up for their ancient rights. The moment was a critical one, and the fate of North Carolina, and possibly that of her southern sister, hung in the scale; for if the Highlanders of the interior could hold out against the Lowlanders of the coast until communication could be established with Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Campbell, the conquest of the province would be almost a certainty. Nor were the Americans slow to realize the disastrous effects that would result to the popular cause from such a contingency. They therefore conceived the sensible plan of interposing continental troops between the Highlanders and the royal forces. No sooner had the Macdonald chieftain mustered his clan,

than Colcnel Moore, the leader of the Americans, moved with a considerable force upon the Macdonald country and pitched his camp some twelve miles from Cross Creek. This action prevented the combination of the British and the Highlanders. Meanwhile, another detachment of the patriots, leaving the low country, had marched into the interior and halted on Moore's Creek. The Highlanders now pushed forward to meet the latter. Donald Macdonald being ill, the command was assumed by a Macleod. It is said that on the night before the engagement, Flora Macdonald went from camp-fire to camp-fire arousing her countrymen to action and inspiring them with all the enthusiasm her gracious manners and romantic history naturally kindled. But when the forces met on February 27, 1776, the sturdy valor of men fighting for homes and freedom proved stronger than the fierce spirit of the Highlanders, who were utterly routed. In this "second Culloden," as the battle of Moore's Creek has not inaptly been termed, not only was Macleod killed and his army cut to pieces, but Donald Macdonald and many other leaders, including Flora's husband and sons, fell into the hands of the Americans. The happy results of this fight to the popular cause cannot be overestimated, for it not only turned the tide in favor of liberty, but checked the Tory influence until its crushing defeat some years afterward at King's Mountain.

After the battle of Moore's Creek, Flora's husband was confined with other Highlanders in the prison at Halifax, North Carolina, but the fear of a rescue was ever present. We find, therefore, that preparations were soon made to remove them elsewhere. Accordingly, on April 23rd, 1776, the Committee of Secrecy, War, and Intelligence of the Congress of North Carolina, through Thomas Bushe, its chairman, addressed the following communication to the Committee of Safety of North Carolina :

We expect a busy scene in our Province, and have therefore judged it expedient to remove the prisoners taken during the late commotions, some to Virginia, some to Maryland, and some to Philadelphia, lest being in the

neighbourhood of their connections, a rescue might be effected, when every one's attention will probably be engaged, and every one's service will be necessary in the impending Campaign. Should the leading men get an opportunity of employing their influence, at a time when we may be invaded by a powerful Army, we fear the consequences would be very embarrassing.

Three days later another letter of the same purport was addressed to the President of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, in which reference was made to the "dangerous influence over the disaffected part of our Inhabitants" exerted by the clan leaders. It seems that Pennsylvania willingly received as many as twenty-six of the North Carolina Highland chiefs, including "His Excellency, Donald Macdonald, Esq., Brigadier General of the Tory Army, and Commander-in-Chief in North Carolina," Colonel Allen Macdonald (of Kingsburgh) "first in Commission of Array, and second in Command"; Alexander Macdonald, son of Kingsburgh, and five others bearing the same name. The remaining leaders appear to have been sent to Baltimore, for a letter written by William Pendleton from Williamsburg, Virginia, April 28, 1776, informs the Maryland Council of Safety that they had been escorted as far north as Alexandria.

The prompt action of the Congress of North Carolina appears to have effectively checked the power of the Macdonald clan. Meanwhile, Flora, whose husband had been thus sent to a Philadelphia prison, remained for a time in the province. Referring to her residence at Fayetteville, Wheeler says: "The old persons about this place well recollect seeing her, a dignified, handsome woman, to whom all paid great respect." The ruins of her house were long seen in the town. Deprived, however, of the companionship of her husband and acting under his advice, she soon began to make preparations for returning to the land of her fathers. Securing a passport from the American authorities, she accordingly sailed from Charleston in a British war vessel, and finally landed on her native island. But her voyage home was not without danger, for her ship was attacked by a French man-of-war. In the fight that ensued, Flora again

displayed the undaunted courage that she had so often put to the test, and while exciting the sailors to action, she had her arm broken either by a fall or a shot. It is said that her only remark concerning this casualty was, "that she had now suffered a little for both the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover." Sometime after her return to Skye, she was joined by her husband and sons, who had been released from confinement on an exchange of prisoners. It seems that she never again left the island, but resided there until 1790, when she was laid to rest in the parish churchyard of Kilmuir, wrapped in the sheet on which Charles had lain at Kingsburgh.

So passed away this remarkable woman whose virtues and heroism, but for a train of circumstances that could not possibly have been foreseen, might have expended themselves quietly and unobtrusively in the peaceful routine of a life hidden away in the mists of her sea-girt home. Fortunately for the world, those virtues and that heroism have not perished. They live, not only in the pages of history, but in the stable elements of character which her Highland compatriots, long since absorbed into the mass of our cosmopolitan population, have bequeathed to the nation whose birth they endeavored so strenuously to retard.

B. J. RAMAGE.